

Richmond Times-Dispatch

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A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

16 MORE SHOPPING DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS
PLAN TODAY TO SHOP EARLY.
TOMORROW WILL BE A SPLENDID DAY TO DO IT.

The Menace of the Soothsayer

ARREST in Baltimore of an individual who once did business as a clairvoyant and soothsayer in Richmond calls attention to the menace such persons are to any community in which they are permitted to operate.

"This particular astrologer is held responsible for the disappearance of a considerable amount of money, but the evil fraternity does weight most heavily on an element of the community which has much smaller sums to lose. The aggregate, however, is tremendous. A Chicago star, who was taken into custody the other day, confessed that he had paid \$400 a month in protection money to the police, and yet had an income of \$30,000 a year.

It seems almost inconceivable that in this age there is enough of folly and credulity left in the world to make a business of this character profitable.

Unemployment and Manual Efficiency

THE author of the letter signed "Unemployed," which is printed in the Voice of the People Column this morning, does The Times-Dispatch an injustice if he believes this newspaper favors the restriction of charitable assistance to those capable of doing "efficient manual labor." Our thought was, and is, however, that the city should not hire men for work of this type, or any other type, whether regularly or in an emergency, unless they are capable of performing the service for which they are employed.

The fact is, the situation of men not capable of doing "efficient manual labor" is far more pathetic, in periods of financial stress and resulting unemployment, than that of their harder and stronger brothers. Surely they should be helped, and surely they will be if the city apply to the proper agencies of relief.

But they should not be hired to do work for which they are physically incapacitated. That is an injustice to them, and, in the special case under consideration, would be an injustice to the city.

"Hark! From the Grave a Mournful Sound!"

THE Washington Post, usually regarded as a very conservative organ of opinion, has come out, if we understand it correctly, for the free coinage of silver. The Post does not in terms endorse the old ratio of sixteen to one, but probably it is ready to supply a ratio, along with other details, just as soon as its propaganda has made sufficient progress.

"Are these men," exclaims the Post, referring to the bankers and other participants in the Crime of '73, "who have demonstrated the folly of their financial views, to be allowed to keep the business of the world in the financial straitjacket which they placed upon it, when they demonetized silver and narrowed the basis of final redemption of the world's currency?"

Well, The Times-Dispatch is not on the witness stand, but if it were called on to make a categorical answer to that question, the answer would be "Yes." Everybody knows that free silver is dead, and almost everybody had thought, until the Post rattled its dead bones, that it was as comfortably buried as its friends could possibly wish. Why go raking around in a political graveyard?

Mexican Goose and European Gander

SO far as we have heard, nobody has yet risen to suggest that this government should rise in its might and send an army into Europe, there to make effective protest against the destruction of the property of American citizens and the interference with American business that the European war has caused. And yet, when there was a revolution in Mexico and American interests of largely inferior value were menaced, we had such demands for breakfast every morning.

Then it was argued constantly that it was the duty of President Wilson to stop the fighting in Mexico, because an incidental product of that fighting was a condition which made American investments unprofitable. There were, of course, other incitements to and justifications of intervention, including the Monroe Doctrine and its supposed obli-

gations, but the destroyed property argument was one of the most conspicuous.

The injury inflicted on our commerce and trade by the European war is immeasurably greater than that caused by the Mexican revolution. Indeed, the war in Europe has produced a nation-wide depression in the United States, prostrated a whole industry and almost a whole section, choked the channels of trade, caused hundreds, perhaps thousands, of business failures, and thrown hundreds of thousands of men out of employment.

Moreover, if we are to take the opinion of one of the most conspicuous of the combatants, it is far less justified than the uprising in Mexico, for the German Crown Prince has declared the European conflict to be the most stupid and senseless in all history.

If we owe our nationals the duty our Jingo friends were wont to say we owe them, why should we not clean up Britain and Germany and then start in on France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Serbia and Belgium? Belgium, of course, might insist that it never wanted to fight, but that would make no difference to truly martial spirits. On the other hand, it might point out that it was rather completely pacified already, under German auspices, and that excuse might gain a more favorable hearing.

The fact is that the morality of "restoring order" to another nation, on the ground that the restorer's business interests are suffering, is very largely a matter of expediency.

An Appeal for the Suffering

THE TIMES-DISPATCH appeals this morning to Richmond's wealth and comfort in behalf of Richmond's poverty and suffering. The answer should be prompt and generous. The situation is such that the ordinary and accustomed resources of organized charity are totally inadequate. Means of relief, if they are to be applied, must be provided promptly and from the pockets of that great section of the community whose possessions exceed their needs.

The Associated Charities, certainly not a hysterical or excitable institution, estimates that 5,000 Richmond wage-earners are out of employment. To meet the situation so created the Associated Charities will require a fund twice as large as it is wont to expend for purposes of emergency relief. Without this additional fund there will be hunger, anguish, death.

Richmond's unemployed are not more numerous proportionately than those of most other American cities. Compared with some others, indeed, our situation is fortunate. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore—all along the Atlantic Coast—special appeals are being made and generously answered.

Our need, nevertheless, is great. Some of the city's most important industries are closed down, and others are working on part time. Building operations, as the last report of the Building Inspector disclosed, have been largely suspended. Factories of many descriptions have found it necessary to curtail their forces.

All this spells want and suffering unless those who can give do give generously. The rich may share their abundance and will do so, but all who have steady employment and look forward in confidence to a winter of comfort and happiness, can give and should give according to their more slender means.

This is a community problem, and the community should face and solve it. The provision of relief should not be turned over to any one class of citizens. In such an emergency it should be a privilege, as it is an opportunity, to testify the possession of a real civic conscience. Every contribution will help. No one should refrain from giving because his contribution must needs be small.

There is the situation, stated plainly and without exaggeration or undue emphasis. What will Richmond do with it?

Solution of the Domestic Service Problem

THE caption is deceiving. It somehow conveys the idea that we are going to tell an anxious world that Mr. Edison has perfected a device which will rise promptly at 6 o'clock in the morning, start the kitchen fire, make and serve breakfast, and so on throughout the day until 10 o'clock at night with all the household affairs, minus incompetence, minus afternoons and evenings off and minus quitting with or without a moment's notice. But the wrinkled problem of domestic service has not been solved by the electrical and sleepless Mr. Edison. That great conundrum has been answered by a judicial decision. In this wise:

A female domestic servant—an ugly locution, that, but there is no better—was arrested at the instance of her employer, charged with larceny of a gown and jewels. Taken before a learned judge, the maid was triumphantly discharged. She had obviously not stolen the founcces and geggaws, because she had returned from her evening's pleasuring to the place of her ancillary activities wearing them. If she had wanted to steal the things she would not have returned with them. As she did bring them back on her person—presumably she adorned them more than they her—she was not guilty of larceny. Wise judge. Good law.

The heartening application of this judgment, its prompt solution of the problem of getting and keeping maid servants, is that in order to attain these hitherto unattainable ends it is now only necessary for the "lady of the house" to maintain a wardrobe and jewel case of sufficient splendor and variety to suit the needs and taste of her domestic helper. By one judgment the great obstacle in the way of keeping a happy home has been swept away. The clothes difference no longer exists, and that has been the insuperable barrier to recruiting competent domestic servants. Many a girl who has gone into the factory would have gone into the kitchen were it not that she scorned to lower herself by being brought into daily association with one of her own sex who wore better clothes. But now the mistress's wardrobe and jewel box are her servant's.

Great are the courts, and they shall prevail! Governor Johnson, of California, and Francis J. Heney have fallen out, and Heney begins to cry "Graft" in reference to the Progressive party's State campaign. More disintegration of the army "that stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord!"

If the German Reichstag wants to win the Nobel peace prize, suppose it gently but firmly abolishes the military clique.

The Pere Marquette Railroad has mislaid a few trifling millions of dollars. They can search us!

All the world loves a lover—when he is speechless with emotion.

SONGS AND SAWS

Truth in Hiding.
You'll find it hard to hide it can be
To tell who truth are telling.
Among war writers, fancy-free,
Who keep the cables yelling.

From some we learn a German corps
Is trapped, and faces capture;
While others stung that corps' exploits
With true Teutonic rapture.

From Berlin, through the atmosphere,
We hear of feats in Flanders;
But Paris swears these tales insult
The wits of goose and gander.

The fact is, Truth keeps in her well,
And to get out's not trying—
She finds it much the safest place
While shot and shell are flying.

The Penman's Lament:
Wonder if these lads who are shrieking
Imagined when I go home to
Write for a bigger army and navy have any
thoughts of cutting themselves in these new
creations!



Insufficient.
Captain Bullitt—I must re-
member when I go home to
write to the Times about the
crude neglect of forestry here
in Belgium. This tree should
be at least three times as
large.

Dividing the Income.
First Suffragist—What proportion of the hus-
band's income has your league decided should
be allotted to the wife?
Second Ditty—We haven't reached an exact
decision just yet, but we all agree it should
be high enough to keep the man from wasting
any money on tobacco. Smoking's a filthy habit,
anyhow.

A Business-Like View.
Stubbs—When is your daughter's marriage to
take place?
Grubbs—She and her mother have concluded
to postpone the ceremony until the return of
prosperity. They thought the financial depres-
sion might have an unhappy influence on the
quantity and quality of the wedding presents.

The President refuses to
Yield to the Jingo's clamor.
But those in his accustomed way,
No matter how they hamper
It irks them sore that he should act
In this unfeeling manner.
Instead of throwing to the breeze
Grim war's ensanguined banner.

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

Editor Johnston, of the Virginia Gazette, announces: "The December Farmers' Auction, coming just before Christmas, should be made an elaborate affair. All of our farmers should make it a point to be here on that day, Saturday, December 12, with something to offer on the market." And Johnston makes it plain in the ensuing half-column heralding the event that the farmer who comes into Williamsburg day walking about hard times is the first thing the auctioneer is going to knock down.

By way of variety, the Harrisonburg News-Record puts it this way: "Here's hoping that the girls down at the Normal School will join the general movement in Rockingham for shopping early." Just as if the girls were not always ready to shop early, and late when they have the price!

Case cited by the Newport News Times-Herald: "We once knew a justice of the peace who told the reporters that he thought the newspapers ought to give him a 'puff' for refusing to accept a bribe from an ignorant negro." That 'quire, no doubt, felt that he was entitled to some recognition for a signal deed of self-restraint. Others also run, and some are elected.

Imported dances have no charm for Editor Hederly, of the Houston Record-Advertiser, who says: "Whether or not the new dance craze has spent its course matters little to us country folks. We shall keep right on with the corn club canter and the tomato club trot." The bean breakdown, the squash shuffle and the rye reel are apparently no longer included in Halifax County's repertoire of barn dances.

The Radford Town Council, it appears, has lost prestige, and there is a movement on foot, spurred by the Radford News, to substitute for the present form of government the commission form. Editor Maginins gently intimates in the News to the Council that, while the members of that body may be just stewards, they are not just the sort to contribute to the up-building of the town. He adds: "When we get commission government, we may confidently hope for efficient government. Commission government is inefficient, costly and trouble breeding. Let's abolish the Council." Council recently voted down a proposition to employ a business manager on salary, thus indicating a decided antipathy to both salary and commission.

Editor Black, who is not so sombre in expectations as in name, gives this assurance in the Daily News: "You may expect to dig down and spend that Christmas money without any fear of where the next dollar is coming from. It is on the way, and hitting the high places." Hike for the high places!

Current Editorial Comment

Doom of Old of this district receives and a clearing system at par checks on any of its member banks, or by them, on any other reserve bank, the end of the old clearing system is near.

The number of checks now receiving this privilege is not large, but the principle is established. Hereafter it has cost money to ship money between New York and Chicago. Such transfers can now be made even more easily and cheaply than the gold is telegraphed between New York and Chicago. The clearing-house has accepted what it called the impossible, now become the inevitable. It has enlarged the "discretionary" points upon which banks may charge for clearing. No doubt in time it will abolish the list. Checks will come to be cleared between cities as now they are cleared between banks in single cities. It is an approximation to a national par for checks, and goes far toward eliminating exchanges of packages of cash by express. A scratch of the pen will do the work, and the passing of credits back and forth will offset each other, except for a balance to be settled by balances may come to be settled by check upon a central fund of gold. Dreamers have even imagined that such an international stock of gold might be the basis of world settlements, along the lines of the Napoleonic system now established upon broader lines than ever before were known. There is a similar system in Germany, but banking in Germany is on a smaller scale of territory and volume. The avoidance of the cost and trouble of the old system is even less important than the facilitating of the movement of credit. Dollars which move faster can do more work.—New York Times.

Brazil differs from other Latin-American republics. In the first place, Brazil is the only Portuguese-American country. All the others, except the United States, which is English and Dutch, are Spanish.

which is French, are Spanish. Moreover, Brazil is the only nation which did not achieve independence from the mother country by process of revolution. During the Napoleonic wars, Brazil, much larger and more important than Portugal, became the seat of the Portuguese government and the residence of the Portuguese King. When the government returned to Lisbon, Brazil established its independence by retaining a scion of the royal Portuguese House of Braganza as its Emperor. For two generations Brazil remained an empire, while the Spanish-

American states were all republics. It was just twenty-five years ago that the Brazilian empire, the last monarchy on the Western Hemisphere, ceased to exist. A bloodless revolution established the Brazilian republic. Both an empire and as a republic, Brazil has been a progressive land. Her vastness of territory and her variety of population have been definite drawbacks; but, in spite of these, Brazil has made herself a great nation.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gossip from "Down Home"

"In his latest effort Rudyard rhymes 'home' with 'come,'" says the Northern Sun. "Poor Kipl! All this excitement is too much for him; he really needs rest and quiet." That's nothing. When a war poet gets to going well, he can make "war" rhyme with "saw."

The Raleigh News and Observer takes another swat at the late Carranza: "The general imitates the Whittier Star. The Star need not plume itself on the discovery of something new. There is venerable authority for the statement that 'the unexpected always happens.' Perhaps the Star means is that the 1915 North Carolina football team will defeat Virginia."

Comes this paean of triumph and jubilation from the Greensboro Record: "The marriage market in this county is fine. An increase of over 10 per cent for the year is not to be wondered at, especially when we are war giv'ing on." Cupid and Hymen refuse to be overshadowed by the exploits of Mars.

"Shall the people rule? Shall we stand still or go forward?" asks, in clarion tones, the Asheville Citizen. North Carolina, don't you hear the gentleman speaking to you? What's the answer?

Says the Rocky Mount Evening Telegram: "There are some that are boasting of wearing cotton suits just at this time, and they are patriotic, no doubt. However, we are finding little warmth in a cotton blanket these nights after we cut off the water before jumping into bed." Well, brother, why not try another cotton blanket? You will be twice as patriotic, at least, and may be twice as warm.

The Voice of the People

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—If your correspondent of December 2d, styling herself "Observer," would carry her observations anent "anti-suffrage sentiment" a little farther, she would discover, for instance, that in the city of Richmond hundreds of self-supporting women have given their names to the suffrage league in recent months. Moreover, she would find that, in so doing, they were not co-operating with their brother workmen, who in their Central Labor Council, and in various local unions, have endorsed equal suffrage in this city, and also in the State convention of the Federation of Labor.

Furthermore, she would discover that the working women have at last waked up to the fact that their "intricacies of business operations" are vitally interwoven with the special interests of those who carry out those operations, and that they—the women in industry—are better able to understand those needs than even the male voter or the male employer of woman labor.

There are, therefore, naturally come to the conclusion that their interests as women workers would be better safeguarded if they, like their brother workmen, had political power to initiate and control certain remedial and social legislation affecting themselves and their children.

The recent action of suffragists concerning shorter hours was due, not to the folly of a "fanatic," as supposed by your correspondent, but to the well-considered policy of the suffrage league to keep in line with the best thought of the day in regard to the interests of women in industry. Certainly, when great States like California, Oregon, Washington and Colorado enact eight-hour and eight and one-quarter-hour laws for women, and Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and other States of vastly greater industrial interests than Virginia, restrict these laws to nine, ten, or fifty-four a week, it can scarcely be considered "fanatic" or impractical for women in Richmond to seek to relieve the industrial strain upon their sisters.

Richmond, December 4, 1914.

Help Where Help is Needed.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—If your issue of to-day and of one day week before last, in editorials on providing work for the unemployed, you say that none but those who are able to do efficient manual labor should be provided for. Now, who are suffering in Richmond? Only "able-bodied men" who are able to do "efficient manual labor," men who are able to get in a ditch ten feet deep and shovel dirt or do other work equally laborious. (There are suffering men who have been crippled or made unfit for "efficient manual labor" by the very system of society which you claim is inefficient in times like this.)

This is the time of all others when we need an efficient civilization to give able-bodied men efficient manual labor, and also provide for those less fortunate. When you can't run business for profit and employ the workers, you say turn them over to God. State or municipality, let them work for taxes they have already paid for the right to live on God's earth, provided they are efficient and able-bodied. How very consistent is the profit system I don't think.

Richmond, November 4, 1914.

UNEMPLOYED.

The Bright Side of Life

Scrupulous.
"I guess we'd better fix up our advertisement for summer boarders right now," said Farmer Cornstossel.

"What for?" asked his wife.
"I don't want to write anything that ain't truthful. There ain't any mosquitoes now and the nights are always cool."—Washington Star.

Fair Warning.
Irate Recruiter—"I've been dahn on account of mee tooth. Wot I wants ter know, guv-nor is this—is it for fightin' or bitin' yer wants yer noo army?"—Tattler.

Saved.
Caller—How much for a marriage license?
Town Clerk—One dollar.

Caller—Two only got 50 cents.
Town Clerk—You're lucky.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Most Particular.
Harry—Gertrude's parents are very particular about her moral education.

Harry—In every way. In school last week they wanted the teachers to excuse her from improper fractions.—Judge.

Changed Her Mind.
Wife—Don't you think you might manage to keep house alone for a week while I go on a visit?
Husband—I guess so; yes, of course.

"But won't you be lonely and miserable?"
"Not a bit."
"Lulu! Then I won't go."—New York Weekly.

They Are Giants in These Days

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From New York Evening Sun.

RAVISHED BELGIUM—By Will Irwin

When we first saw the German army come through Belgium in full, last August, the month of harvest, we used to remark casually, now and then: "Well, there's one thing; it looks like starvation in this country this winter." We said it rather carelessly; we had enough of the horror of war on every hand to keep us from bothering very much about a far-away, imaginary danger. But the situation, when we stopped to think about it, admitted of only one interpretation.

Belgium is the most thickly populated country in Europe; it is almost like one great town interspersed with fields. As a matter of cold statistics, we know that it raised less than 40 per cent of its own food. The war struck it in the midst of the harvest. Unlike Germany and France, Belgium had made no provision to feed itself in time of trouble. Her bigger, more warlike neighbors had reckoned with the harvest as part of the plan of war. Germany, across the eastern boundary, was putting the Landsturm not into the trenches, but into the fields, that they might garner the last grain of wheat. To the south, France concerned herself almost as much with the harvest as with the mobilization.

But the war struck Belgium unprepared—in an industrial if not in a military sense. The heavy mobilization took many of the farmers and field hands away; and the government had no time, in the sudden, pressing duty of resisting invasion, to set aside other laboring hands. Everywhere the fields went ungarnered for lack of men. And before any one could catch the late crops, the Germans were upon them, fighting skirmishes and pitched battles all over the east and north. The rural population fled in great numbers from the advance, as they have been fleeing everywhere. Through all the strip which Germany used as a route to France, I saw and heard of the wheat was falling from the stalks; the cabbages were growing untended.

Reverting the Ways of Ancient Warfare.
The German army, in this war, has gone back to some of the ways of ancient warfare. The custom of taking the booty, the example which supplies to be a dead issue by modern armies, one thought of the days of Julius Caesar when he read on the walls of every town that Burgomaster So-and-so had taken it, and that the town had been seized as hostages to answer for their lives for the good behavior of the populace. One thought of Alexander when he learned that in every large city he occupied they demanded a cash tribute.

Again, it carried you back to those good old days when you learned that every town occupied by the Germans was a food supply, equivalent to several days' provisions for either the garrison or the main force, had been commandeered at once. Brussels, for example, had to lay down at once 50,000 pounds of flour besides proportionate supplies of meat, salt and other tough provisions. Men, when I saw it on the day after the battle with the English, bore a sign commanding not only the men, but the women, to bring in their shoes and the socks in the shops. And in all the path of the German armies, you missed the sight of cattle in the fields. The Germans had seized them, steers and cows alike, for beef.

Of course, the custom of living off the country is not unknown to modern warfare, an old Southerner who lived in the path of Sherman's army can testify. It remained, however, for the methodical German to reduce the matter to an exact science.

Wrecking of Belgium's Industries.
One must see Belgium to understand what conquest means to a subject people. I can scarcely express it in mere words, any more than I can convey what war means as a whole.

Here was a manufacturing nation, producing little raw material, depending for the materials of industry, as well as for food, upon imports, and for money upon exports. Most of these industries stopped suddenly and abruptly when the war came, because the young men had gone to the front. That was a phenomenon common to all the continental countries involved in this unparalleled mess. Even in Germany, with her admirable government-controlled system, the wheels generally rested during the period of mobilization. The rest pulled their industries together a little.

It was different with conquered Belgium. Some of her towns, factories and all, had been battered to pieces. The kind of damage has probably been exaggerated. I know now what I did not realize when I saw that city in flames, that only 20 per cent of Louvain was destroyed by the conquerors. But there remain public cities as Tournai and Tirmoud, which lie almost flat, as a result, not of reprisals, but of battles.

A Nation Unemployed and Helpless.
I don't know the more terrible effects of war—slaughter, grief, ruined homes, tramping, hopeless refugees—and consider this wholly as a financial and industrial crisis. The world never saw the like. An industrial, crowded nation thrown in one month into utter bankruptcy, its currency become suddenly not worth the paper on which it was printed, its whole industrial population out of work, its whole production stopped—that was Belgium early in September, when the Germans settled down upon it. Everywhere throughout the land the unemployed sat at the doors of their houses and stared dully at their conquerors because there was nothing else to do. Brussels was a city of aimless, futile crowds. The unemployed men and women alike, gathered in groups on the sidewalks, talking under their breath, or drifted across the city in headless, disorganized mobs. I remember vividly one such mob. Back of the Palace Hotel is a small, sunken park. As I passed down a street near-by, I saw men running, heard the subdued clamor of a mob. I followed it to where they were pushing against the rail of the park. I, by dodging and shoving, got to the rail. There was nothing to see except three men laying a pipe. The crowd was a small thing, but while with blank eyes, and drifted away. They looked like our army of the unemployed in an industrial crisis, that night on an added hopelessness in their eyes.

Saved Brussels From Louvain's Fate.
That night the German garrison was reinforced by 3,000 men sent back from the front. With its new reinforcements, a prey to rumors, the people believed that this meant a German defeat. The aimless crowds grew brisker in their movements; the thrill of coming trouble was in the air.

"Gentlemen," said the German commandant to his Belgian hostages that night, "we should hate to destroy any part of your beautiful city, but you know that it is still in a state of war. The influential men of Brussels went from corner to corner, haranguing the mobs, begging the people to go home, to let them that the Germans had not returned. The police went out into the public squares. The Germans trained three machine guns on the Place de la Station. The garrison slept on their arms.

Along toward midnight an incident occurred which might have set off the spark. A German officer came back to his hotel very drunk and "shot up" the lobby. The Belgian police, for a moment, were at a loss. Fortunately, by that hour, the populace had gone to bed. Had it happened four hours earlier, this tiny break in discipline would probably have precipitated a riot. The night was dark, and then the immediate cause of this whole war was a police case!

Subject: Belgians Won't Talk About It.
Of course, the war is horrible. Beyond any previous conception we have of war; and the heaped-up trenches of the dead, the human wreckage in the mud, the suffering, the epic sufferings of the men on the front, the horrors of all its horrors. Worse, to any man of sympathetic spirit, is the blight of misery over the European peoples who are the army's help behind. But there is still a little light in war, even such brutal, wholesale, mechanical war as this. There was a kind of exultation in the way the Belgians displayed their thought of their own losses. It reminded one of the spirit which the Californians showed after their comparatively minute disaster in San Francisco. There, it wasn't etiquette for a man to mention that he was ruined. So, too, with Belgium. The people wouldn't talk on that subject. A farmer who spoke some English sat near his doorway near Arles and spoke with me—cautiously and cautiously—on the war.

"I suppose it will be a hard winter for you here," I said.

"Oh, certainly," he replied, "my crop is ruined. I have no money. My money is gone. So are my cattle. I have two sons in the army—and he went on talking of his sons, oblivious to his own hungry family."

We have found since that the problem of struggling through will resolve itself in the later stages into this: Have we the food to keep our people alive? Have we the raw material to make the necessities of life? In the later stages, money is no good. Belgium has nearly reached that later stage; she will probably reach it absolutely by Christmas. Industry stopped, whereupon only the proper and the saving had any money. Then came the stage when even money would not purchase food, because the food was no longer there. A shipwrecked crew, wrecked on a sand bar, would have no use for a million dollars—it would get them no food.

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